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West Baden and French Lick Springs.
For the accommodation of visitors
to West Baden and French Lick
Springs the Monon Route will run a
sleeping car to the springs every
Saturday night, beginning Saturday,
June 2, and returning every Sunday
night.

The new billiard hall of Messrs.
Fagan & Barber, over the House of
David, 163 Clark street, is the finest
in the city. Visit it.

A center furnishing goods depart-
ment has been added to Shyne's
State street store.

PEDDLER IN A PALACE.

Accidental Discovery of Vast Deposits of
Soda and Borax.

The magnificent Larderel palace
at Leghorn has a singular work of
art in one of its numerous galleries.
This is a huge coronet made of borax
and mounted on a high gilt pedestal,
and the story attached to it is a very
interesting one.

It begins a long way back, and the
principal figure in it is a very ordi-
nary looking peddler. Worn with
his tram, he took off his pack one
day under the trees in the Maremma
woods and spread out his humble
dinner of bread and meat. He was
hungry enough, but even more tired
than hungry, and while he was eat-
ing he went fast asleep. Down rolled
the bread and meat on the ground,
which certainly did not improve it,
but the weary peddler would not
have exchanged that delicious, rest-
ful sleep for the choicest viands on
the grand duke's table.

Finally, however, he awoke, and
remembered that he was hungry. He
could not afford to be squeamish,
and, picking up his neglected food, he
began to eat. Perhaps he had been
dreaming of delicate turbot and mac-
aroni or turkey stuffed with chest-
nuts, for his bread and meat no longer
tasted good and he was unable to
swallow the mouthful he had taken.
Some queer change had passed over
it while he was asleep, for it was ac-
tually bitter, and the poor man won-
dered who could have played him so
shabby a trick.

But presently light began to dawn
on him. He was quite intelligent for
a peddler, and his favorite study was
chemistry. So he roused himself up
and tasted a little of the earth on
which his dinner had fallen. It was
just as he anticipated, bitter, and
scrapping up a small quantity of it he
stowed it away in his pack.

Then back he tramped to Leghorn
as fast as his feet would carry him,
without ever thinking of the journey
he had already taken, and once in
the city he went straight to a crowd
of his who was quite a learned chem-
ist, and who had taught him all he
knew of that interesting science.

Like other chemists, this one was
quite accustomed to putting unpleas-
ant tasting things in his mouth, and
he seemed to enjoy a pill of the ped-
dler's earth as though it had been a
choice bonbon. He knew at once
that it would buy all the bonbons in
Leghorn and a few other things be-
sides. Yes, his humble friend was
right in his suspicion.

Soda and borax were there in great
force, and the peddler could not do
better than to buy up all that his
savings would cover of the cheap
land where his bread and butter had
fallen. Perhaps he had the money
tied up in an old stocking that was
kept in a corner cupboard, or per-
haps he had it stored in some secret
spot from prying eyes; but wherever
it was he speedily dislodged it, and
bought the waste land at a very low
price.

He lost no time, either, in starting
his manufactures, and, thanks to his
knowledge of chemistry he made a
princely fortune. His descendants in-
termarried with the noblest families
of Italy; and as it was chiefly due to
borax that they owed their coronets,
they honored this product of the earth
in one of their finest palaces.

The Intrepid Fishers.

The French people are extremely
fond of angling, though their streams
are comparatively destitute of fish,
and the lakes and ponds are few.
Many Frenchmen, nervous and ex-
citable on other occasions, are con-
tent to sit by a stream with a pole
and wait all day for a bite.

In a certain country town not far
from Paris there exists an ancient
fishing club, named the Intrepid
Fishers of Marpignon. A pretty
stream goes through Marpignon, but
for many years not one fish had been
seen in this stream. So the intrepid
fishers had nothing to do.

The excitement may be imagined,
therefore, when the word ran through
Marpignon that a large barbel—a
very tough and gamey fish—had been
seen in the stream. The intrepid
fishers turned out, and having ascer-
tained that there was indeed a barbel
in the stream, immediately stopped
the water some little distance above
and below him with gratings, so
that he could not get away.

Then they ranged themselves joy-
fully along the stream with hook and
line, all went to fishing for the one fish.
By and by one intrepid fisher
caught him, and immediately threw
him back into the water. In the
course of time another caught him
and did the same.

For three days the intrepid fishers
kept at work, catching this one bar-
bel; and at the end of that time the
fish died of exhaustion and loss of
blood. Then the intrepid fishers
counted up the notches that they
had made on their fish-poles, and the
man who had caught the barbel the
most times was declared the cham-
pion fisherman of Marpignon, and re-
ceived great honors.

The Cowboy's Lasso.

"The cowboys of New Mexico,
Texas and Arizona are skilled in
the art of using the lasso," said Louis
Edwards of Santa Fe. "I used to be
in the ranching line myself, and once
thought I could throw a rope as
straight as any man living. But that
was before I had mixed to any extent
with the Mexicans. As good as
American cowboys are, they can't
hold a candle to a Greaser when it
comes down to the roping business.
They can do things with hemp that
no other mortals can ever hope to
accomplish. As the Australian stands
out pre-eminently in throwing the
boomerang, so does the ignorant son
of the 'land of God and liberty' ex-
ceed all other men in this one ac-
complishment."

"A Mexican will chase a steer at
full speed, and while he guides his
bronco with one hand whirl his rope
with unerring aim with the other,
and it isn't once in a thousand times
that the noose will fall to catch just
where the rider meant. A favorite
trick with them is to stick a lot of
long handled knives in the ground
close together within the limits of a
narrow circle and bet with outsiders
that they can ride past at racehorse
speed and pick up any one of the
knives designated with a rope. They
are good in this regard the cowboys
are fully their peers."